

The Daily Journal.

ROAD TO A MUSKETER.

"lite down" on the perpetrator of this; and send in his bill for damages:  
You wiked blud sucker, why doant  
You urn are livin sum wa beside  
Litin down on pepel and insurten yore  
Long bil to git blud litin on

Begin to slap, leave? Have you got no feelinks?

As large 's sum to legged blud suckers as is  
Round here, wat war kions. Why doant you  
Lite down sly, as tha do, and blede them toar  
Tha no f, without hollerin all the wyle?  
Yur a kanibal! you do a big bizness on a  
Smal skail; you suk more blud out o' a  
Feller than a elefant can, and yure smaler  
Ain't half as long. You waik up foaks  
When tha ar slepin, and tha swair  
Vengens. How do you wufk it to keep  
Yure bill so sharp, without grindin. Whi

Doan't ya pik worms owl ov trees  
And ete insex, you long leged cuss?  
What tew'n is it yu syng so much  
Goin round with yure fethirs shot opti,  
Seakin whom yu ma dewover? Yu  
Seam too be a konientid burd from yure  
Synging, and syng loudist when yure  
Hungryist. Isud thynk yud want on

Bules or pay-lets to keep yure long  
Leges from beaing koad this wether.  
Inseck, yure usli, cu kant chaw, butt  
Yure stumpon suckin, kaus yu uevir  
Git weaned. Inseck, a dew.

**A WITTY PREACHER.**  
The Rev. Dr. Sprague, in his visits to "Eu-

There was nothing for which he had a more cordial abhorrence than an exhibition of dandyism in a young minister; and nothing of this

kind ever came in contact with him without meeting a rebuke. On one occasion, a young minister, of a good deal of pretension and parade, went from the country to London, and carried Mr. Wilks a letter, designed to procure for him an invitation to preach.

"Well, young man," said Matthew with a nasal twang that is perfectly indescribable, but which nobody who has once heard can ever forget, "well, young man, you want to preach in Lon-

"I am going to pass a few days here, sir, and if it should suit Mr. Wilks' convenience, I should be very happy, indeed, to give his people a sermon while I am here."

"Well," replied Mathew, "you can preach—"

The young man agreed to do so, and was on the ground at the appointed hour. Matthew

"Go along into the pulpit, young men, and I will be below and look at you and shall hear every word you say."

The young preacher darted through the aisle into the pulpit, in a manner that seemed better to baffle a ball room than a place of worship. He performed the introductory service with an air of insufferable self-complacency, and in due time opened the Bible and read his text, which

was the last verse of the first chapter of John—"Hereafter we shall see Heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man." He had written his sermon, and committed it all to memory, as he supposed, to a word; but unfortunately

he had left his manuscript behind. When he had read his text, he found it impossible to remember the first sentence. He hesitated and hemmed, and began thus:

"You perceive, my brethren—you perceive that the words of God are here expressed"

ed—as ascending—and descending.” He then set up a good stout cough, in the hope that his memory might get to work in the meantime, but the cough was as unproductive as it was artificial, and he could do nothing but go

which he had started. He coughed again and again, but his memory was in too profound a slumber to be awakened by it. After three or four minutes, during which he was a spectacle to the congregation, and especially to Mat-

threw, who was at the time watching and listening, according to his promise, he shut his Bible in perfect consternation, and abruptly closed the service. Of course he came out of the pulpit with a very different air from that with which he had entered it. But the words

"Well, well," said he, "young man you've preached—you've preached in London—ha'n't you? I've heard you; I've heard every word you've said, and I've only one comment to

It is needless to say that the young man was by this time completely cured of his ambition to preach in the tabernacle.

ter paid him a visit, and Matthew observed he sported what he thought a very indecent number of watch seals. He eyed them for some time, as if scrutinizing the material of which they were made, and then said with a terribly sarcastic air:

He was once preaching on some public occasion, when there were not less than fifty persons in the congregation taking notes of his

sermon. At length he stopped suddenly for a minute, and the stenographers having nothing to do, all looked up, and were gazing at him with astonishment.

"Behold!" said he, "I have confounded the scribes."

On one occasion when on his way to a meeting of ministers, he got caught in a shower at the town of Billingsgate, where there were a large number of women, dealing in fish who were using the most profane and vulgar language. As he stopped under a shed in the

midst of them, he felt called upon to give at least his testimonial against their wickedness.

published in a few months.